

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1806.

Miscellany.

From the Newburyport Herald.

ON MY EARLY GREY HAIRS.

LIFE's current now ebbs in the course of each vein,
And my high pulse of youth is impair'd;
The gout, through my nerves, in the warnings of pain,
Tells that pleasure's full bowl should be spar'd.

Though season'd by labour, by hardship inur'd
To sustain the rude blasts of each clime,
My grey curling locks to the grave have ensur'd
The short voyage on the ocean of Time.

In visions successive, gay Fancy still flies,
Still her cloud woven fabric endears;
But Reason awaken'd, more feelingly cries,
"Thou hast reap'd the full harvest of years."

For the stars at my birth seem'd ill-fated and bleak,
And led me through life's mazy bowers,
Where, no monitions could forward, or check,
Or point out the thorns from the flowers.

And oft, when Misfortune has cross'd my loyn way,
Have I solac'd my cares in the bowl;
Yet Honour, while Passion held madly the sway,
Kept the watch in my tumult-toss'd soul.

Seduction ne'er loosen'd my heart's honest splice,
As the wild waves of Passion would roll;
My barque, often lurch'd on the sand-beach of vice,
Again righted, and wore off the shoal.

And now, when my day-spring, my blossoms are o'er,
And my hairs like a hoar frost in June—
I feel no regret, for my barque's near the shore,
Where my head shall regain fresher bloom.

Then wave, ye grey signals, adown my grey head;
Your warnings in mercy are given—
To catch, ere the skies of blest summer have fled,
The pure, lasting breezes of Heaven.

From the Hibernian Magazine.

Account of the re-appearance of Sicard, teacher of the deaf and dumb, in Paris.

TWENTY-EIGHT months had the man, whom the abbe de l'Epee chose for his immediate successor, the celebrated and modest Sicard, been the object of a prescription in which he was undeservedly included.

Concealed in the house of a trusty friend, who for two years risked his own life to save a head of such value, Sicard undertook the task to bestrew with flowers the first studies of children, to facilitate their progress, and to render the performance of their duty easier to the fathers of families. In a narrow cell, by the light of a lamp, whose faint glimmer seemed loth to discover the venerable traits of the estimable recluse and to betray his place of refuge, he wrote his Universal Grammar; thus revenging himself on the injustice of men, only by heaping new benefits upon them.

In the meantime, the deaf and dumb of every age and sex lamented the absence of their teacher. Sometimes they looked up to the windows of their apartment, and their eyes were bedewed with tears; or they would regard with fixed attention the arm-chair where Sicard had been wont almost daily to expand souls, and render them susceptible of the impressions of nature; and of the significant and various gestures that at other times animated their countenances, the expressions of dejection and sorrow alone remained.

One of them in particular, Jean Massieu, the fifth of the same family who had enjoyed the instructions of the venerable Sicard, was so affected by the loss of his teacher, that, to pacify him they were obliged to make him acquainted with his place of refuge. This young man, whose understanding and talents all Paris admires, and who, notwithstanding his weak state of health, had been promoted to the place of repetiteur in the school, with a salary of 1200 francs, repeatedly offered to share his small income with Sicard; "My father (said he by means of rapid signs) has nothing; I must provide him with food and clothing, and save him from the cruel fate that oppresses him." He accordingly took the necessary steps with prudence, engaged some of his friends to assist him in putting his intentions into execution, and kept himself in readiness to lay hold of the first favourable opportunity. At length the already wished for moment arrived. A dramatic poet, whom the enthusiasm of his heart rendered courageous, (Bouilly) founded the resolution to interest the public in favour of the successor of the Abbe de l'Epee, by producing on the stage a memorable scene from the life of that celebrated founder of the institution for instructing the deaf and dumb. The undertaking was dangerous; but the motive irresistible. The audience shed tears to the memory of the abbe de l'Epee; and whilst his fainting name was repeated, the unfortunate Sicard's likewise resounded.

O! that from his asylum he could have heard these affecting exclamations of a numerous and respectable assembly, this consoling burst of enthusiasm from a people which paid homage to virtue, and pleaded the cause of innocence. "Sicard!" they exclaimed from every side, "restore to us Sicard!"

From the emotion that animated every countenance, from the applause that was clapped from every hand, and especially from the indescribable transports of the author (Bouilly) it was easy for Massieu, notwithstanding his deafness and dumbness, to form an idea of the interest which the audience expressed in favour of the preceptor; and he so well contrived matters, that a few days after, he and Bouilly met together at the house of a legislator, who is a friend of men and merit, and of the unfortunate, and where a brother of the chief consul of the French republic happened to be on a visit. Having here, by the affecting answers which he gave to the questions put to him, fastened the hearts of a great number of persons to a participation of his feelings, he gave to the brother of the consul a letter, which he had written in his presence, and which concluded with the following remarkable words: "Promise, O promise me! that you will speak for us to the chief consul; they say he loves those men who labour for the happiness of others; surely then he must love Sicard, whose sole happiness it is to render the poor deaf and dumb happy."

This touching language of nature excited the admiration of all present, and produced the most lively emotion. Massieu observed this; immediately he flung one arm round the neck of Joseph Buonaparte, and the other round Bouilly; and all three melted into tears. Joseph Buonaparte, who was most affected, pressed the amiable pupil of Sicard to his heart, and requested his worthy friend to signify to him, that he would on the same evening present his letter to the consul, and that he could venture to promise him that it would have the wished for effect.

Massieu's hopes were not disappointed; the consul ordered Sicard's name to be erased from the list of the proscribed; and soon after he was restored to the right of again giving instructions to his pupils.

The 14th of Feb. 1800, was the day in which this good father appeared again in the midst of his children.

It was about eleven in the morning: already was the hall appropriated for the public exercises of the deaf and dumb filled with celebrated men; among whom, those in particular were observed who dedicate their talents and labours to the instruction of youth, and the promotion of the happiness of the human race. In the midst of the hall stood the deaf and dumb pupils, of both sexes and different ages. The vivacity of their looks, and the rapidity of their signs, by which they mutually communicated their sentiments, indicated that this day was the happiest of their life.

The friends of the venerable proscrip, among whom was likewise the excellent man who had sheltered him from the storm of party rage, enter the hall in crowds; and a number of beautiful ladies embellished the company by the lustre of their charms.

At once a penetrating cry of joy escapes Massieu—every one rises up—a respectful silence reigns throughout the whole assembly. Sicard appears—Massieu is already in his arms—his mouth is joined to the mouth of Sicard—his whole soul seems to be transfused into the soul of his preceptor—he takes him by the hand and conducts him to his chair. Immediately the male pupils rush towards him. The more adult among them surround their adored master, press him to their hearts; and hold him in their arms. The little ones kiss his hands, cling to his garment, and climb up to his breast and his head.—He is covered with the most affecting signs, with the tears of the adults and of the children.

Sicard endeavours to speak, but his emotion deprives him of the power of utterance. He wishes to communicate to each of his pupils what passes in his heart, but all at once fix their eyes upon him, embrace him, caress him; to extend over them his beneficent hands, to tell by signs that he loves them all with paternal affection, that he receives them all into his bosom, is all he has power to do, all that the blissful intoxication of his soul inspires him with.

As, however, nothing escapes his penetrating glance, he now observed that his female pupils, restrained by the bashfulness peculiar to their sex, venture not wholly to give way to the emotion which radiates from their eyes, and glows in every feature of their expressive countenances. Affected by this struggle of modesty and sentiment, he goes towards them, stops for a moment, then stretches out his arms, and receives their caresses with a tone that seems to say, "Should a father blush to embrace his children?"

While these bashful maidens are expressing to their teacher the joy which his return occasions, them, the boys who have made the greatest progress, approach the table, and delineate with letters of fire,

and the rapidity of lightning, the emotions which animate them. One of them thanks the consul and his brother for having restored to them the man from whom they received their moral existence; another describes the anxiety and melancholy with which they were overwhelmed during the absence of their beloved preceptor; a third writes down the sentence, "that virtue and truth sooner or later will triumph over the artifices of the wicked." At last Massieu himself appears at the table, and while he presents to the eyes of the admiring spectators the profoundest truths of the physical and moral sciences, a blooming maiden places on the head of Sicard a wreath of poppies, and heliotropes, emblems of the sadness of his pupils during his absence, and of the immortality with which his genius, his patience, his beneficent labours, will be crowned.

RESIGNATION.

EDWIN, the celebrated comedian, went from a rehearsal with the most uncomfortable sensation. The *futile cause* was, having a dramatic part assigned to him which he imagined not precisely to his ability. Going through round the court, gnashing his teeth and biting his nails, in the bitterest vexation, his perturbation was suspended by the following events:

"Green and pretty bow-pots, two a penny, come buy my bow-pots, ye pretty maids; ah, God Almighty bless your honour, will you buy a bow-pot for your window—made of the hazle-tree with the nuts placed in order, some lilies of the valey—wild rosemary, and a few violets."—Sung, or rather whistled a poor old woman who offered him the most rural bouquet, with a look fraught with so much wishfulness, that Edwin could not refrain asking her a few questions.

How old are you my poor woman?

Eighty-five your honour, next Martlemas.

Where do you live?

At Finchley, replied the woman.

What is your name?

Ann Lawton, an' please your honour.

And did you walk from Finchley to-day, interrogated Edwin.

Yes, indeed, Sir, and I hope with God's blessing to sleep there this night.

How much shall you make if you sell your bow-pots?

Seven-pence half-penny, Sir.

And when you have disposed of them, you will return contented to your cottage?

Yes, indeed I shall.

Oh, Heavens! exclaimed Edwin, and shall we presume to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, when this calamitous creature, bending under the infirmities of age and the pressure of poverty, can be thankful to her Creator for advantages that comparatively is misery in the extreme. "Do you enjoy a good state of health?"

I never was sick but twice in my life, your honour, once on the death of poor Billy—and another time when my husband lay ill of an ague, for nine weeks almost without food.

Did he survive the illness?

Ah! no, my sweet gentleman, said the hoofworn doe with her eyes full of tears—it was in the winter of the hard frost, and he could not bear up against the blight—he died—and the stroke would certainly have broke my heart with grief, if it had not pleased God that it should be otherwise.

And did no one contribute to your relief? said the repentant comedian.

O yes, a good lady in our neighbourhood sent us six-pence and some raspberry wine; but alas! it came too late—But it was the will of heaven it should be so, and it is our duty you know to bear the afflictions of God with patience.—Will your honour please to buy a bow-pot?

No; keep your bow-pots for better customers; but here is a shilling for you.

A shilling, your honour, cried the other, but lack-a-day. I am so poor, I have no change. I want no change, said Edwin—you have given me a lesson of philosophy, that has done me more real service than all the sophistry of Shaftsbury—the black ethics of a Hume, or the levities of Voltaire. The practice of christianity must be the foundation of happiness—and whoever disputes its pre-eminence over every other system of morality, is not only an enemy to himself, but a foe to the general interests of human kind.

ANECDOTE.

A MAN being reprimanded for swearing, replied he did not know there was any harm in it. No harm in it, replied a person present—why do you not know the commandment, *Swear not at all*? "Why I do not swear at all," replied he, "I only swear at those who offend me."